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DECEMBER, 1930

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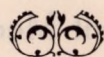
A Merry Christmas

AND A

Happy New Year

TO THE

STUDENTS OF THE
PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL



SHAPIRO STUDIO

North Street
PITTSFIELD, MASS.

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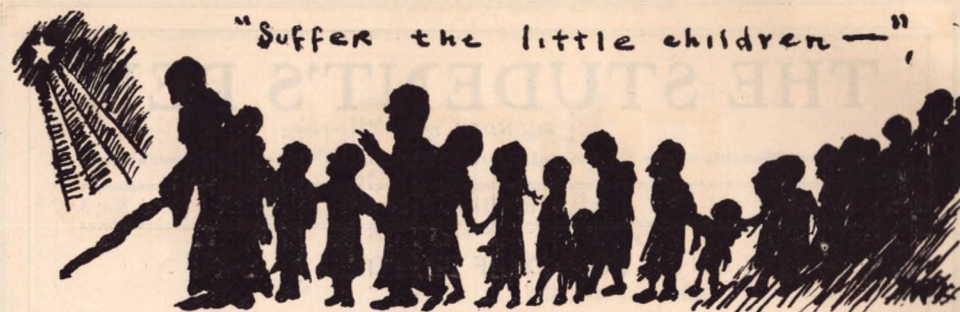
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Vision at Christmas

I thought I saw a man today
Whom I should like to follow
He seemed to walk so gloriously
My steps rang dull and hollow.

Behind him walked a numerous band
Of little children mostly
They walked with wonder in their eyes
And crowded to him closely.

And once my eyes played me a trick
When the children most him neared,—
As but a little child himself
Among them he appeared.

Beneath sharp stones upon their way
He pointed out the flower
He taught his flock to see the best
In every fleeting hour.

While I watched this man so strange
As he passed me by
A new belief came to my heart
And new hope to my eye.

I'd followed him last year a while
With joy I cannot speak,
But left his valiant train one day
Because my faith grew weak.

But every year at Christmas
He visits every clime;
I thought I saw a Man today,—
O faith, fail not this time!

R. Hopkins '32



The Spirit of Christmas

WE hear a lot about "spirits" of various kinds. There's "holiday spirit" and "school spirit" and "Christmas spirit"—and the mention of any of these makes some of us laugh, others look conscientiously inspired or uplifted, and others thoughtful or puzzled. "Spirits" of various kinds have been so over-emphasized that we have lost sight of their meaning.

There is, however, a real spirit to Christmas. Anyone may possess it and many do. It makes no difference whether you are rich or poor, good or bad, young or old. Even an atheist can have the Christmas spirit, though he disbelieves that by which the holiday was caused. The only thing that drives it away is matter-of-fact, bored, blase sophistication. For the spirit of Christmas is—wonder.

I learned this the other day when, looking without any particular feeling into a shop window filled with gayly painted mechanical toys, I noticed beside and below me, a whole row of tiny, wistful faces that, unlike my own, certainly did show a definite emotion. A line of poetry came into my mind—"children's faces looking up, holding wonder like a cup," and I felt that the whole spirit of Christmas was in the vivid, shining, adorable faces of these children. And that spirit was wonder.

If you wish to enjoy Christmas to its utmost this year, let wonder into your soul and heart when it comes seeking entrance. And if it does not come, go seek it yourself. The sure place to find it is wherever children are. To be sure, we may not be able to feel exactly the same simple, pure, wide-eyed wonder as they. The wonder of the wise men, of Mary, of the shepherds, of Joseph, of all who heard the glorious news on that first Christmas, may be ours. It remains for babies and children to hold that divine wonder that shone on the face of the Christ-child—that Heavenlike wonder that is the source, cause and spirit of Christmas.

So, this Christmas, be as much like a child as you can;—let dignity, thrift, selfishness and even common-sense depart.

"Common sense is good to have
But never let it master you
For then it might deprive you of
The foolish things it's fun to do."

Be foolish—hang up your stocking, laugh and cry over your presents, see everything as wonderful whether it is or not—even believe in Santa Claus—you will have the true Christmas spirit—and what is more, a darn good time!

R. Hopkins '32

Christmas Day

CHRISTMAS will soon be here! What a host of happy anticipations this day brings to our minds! We think of gifts, turkey, big dinners, family gatherings, and many other pleasant things. But do we give much thought to the real purpose of the day? Do we remember that Christmas is set aside by the church in honor of the birth of Christ? This should be the first and greatest celebration of the day. Many of us have enjoyed health and prosperity during the past year, two of the greatest gifts that come to individuals. At a time like Christmas, we who have enjoyed these blessings should do our best to help the less fortunate to have a happy Christmas Day. So let all of us who are able to bring cheer to some poor family do so with a will. We will then know the meaning of "Merry Christmas!"

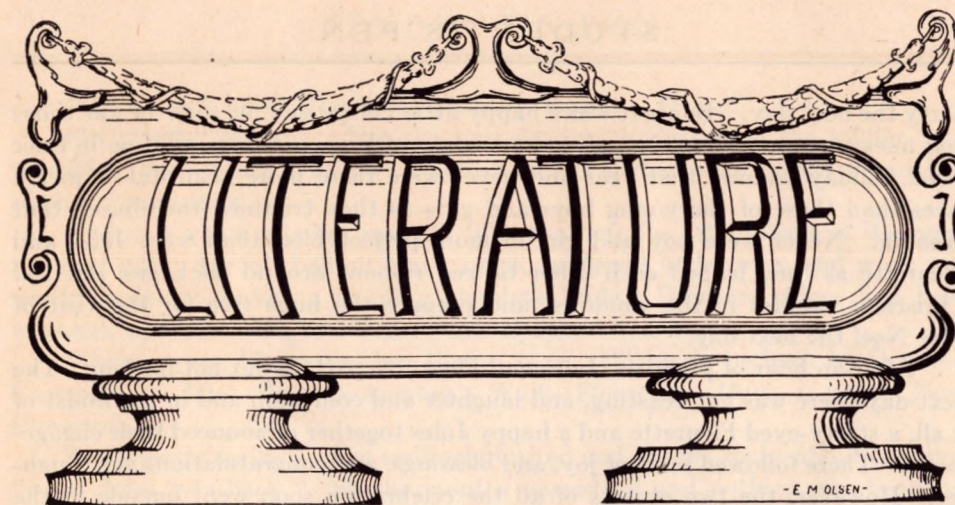
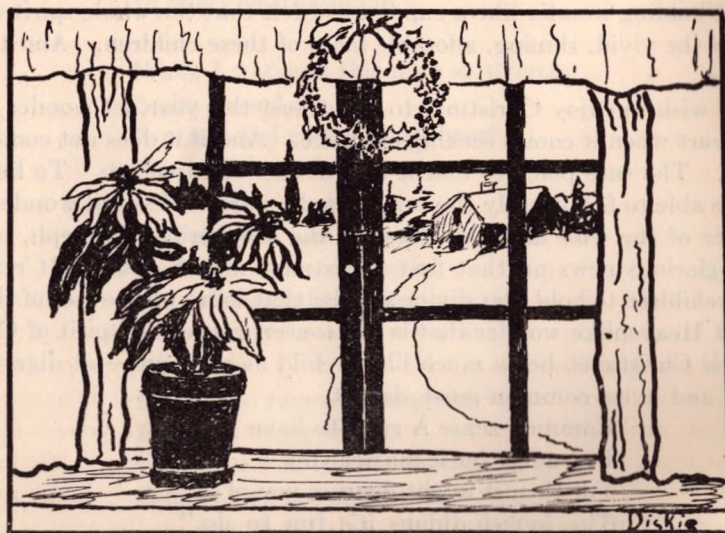
Marguerite Munson '32

Concerning the Newly Appointed Monitors

THE monitor system, which has been functioning in the halls the past month, has thus far proved a successful experiment, having eliminated several daily reports of thefts of clothing from the corridor. We may attribute its success to the Student Council which caused the system to be put into effect.

Owing to its significance to us, the members of P. H. S., each one should do his utmost in aiding these monitors who devote their free periods to their duties in the hall, watching those entering and leaving the building. Although it is extremely unfortunate that conditions caused the Council to resort to such action, let us hope for the continued success of their action.

E. Michelson



Joyeux Noel

IT was Christmas Eve. A lonely old lady was walking slowly in the quiet, cold night. Everything around her was lovely, serene—fairly aching with beauty. It was snowing a little,—tiny, fairy little snow-flakes that sparkled like diamonds in the beautiful light of the pale full moon. Away over on one side, a little white-roofed house stood, cozy lights in the windows and smoke curling comfortably from the chimney. Far off in the distance, a lofty church-spire reached out of the whiteness and pointed towards heaven. Then from far away came the faint, soft, fairy tinkle of sleigh-bells and the subdued merry laughter of young hearts. The old lady looked around at this scene of infinite beauty. Her lovely face was filled with quiet rapture. The red mittened hand that held the worn shawl close around her throat relaxed a little. She stopped. Her long black skirts all but touched the soft dry snow at her feet. Her wooden shoes were stilled. The tinkling of sleigh-bells had died away and clear beautiful chimes from the majestic church spire took their place. The lady stood silently. The heavy laden basket in her right hand was forgotten. Everything was forgotten. Those far-away musical chimes seemed to weave a spell about her. She stood as if in a trance. A faint smile played about her lips. She was thinking of another Christmas Eve many years before when she,—happy, carefree Fleurette, had mixed her golden laughter with tinkling sleigh-bells on a happy sleigh-ride. She had listened with reverence, together with the other young people to the inspiring chimes of that same village church. On that never-to-be-forgotten sleigh-ride, on Christmas Eve long ago, Jules had called her the loveliest little Fleurette in eastern France.

She *was* lovely. Black curly locks, sparkling, merry black eyes and vivid red cheeks and lips were hers. Truly she was a Fleurette—a happy little flower. She was the pride of the village and adored by her prosperous parents. Jules also was a fine handsome boy of good parents and everyone took it for granted that Jules and Fleurette would marry. An excellent match! Everyone said he loved her and that night he told her so. The next few minutes were theirs alone.

Then everybody descended at the little church and merrily laughing went in to trim the great Christmas tree and decorate the church for the annual Christmas

party the next day. Bourgeat was a happy little village and, in spite of war times and uneasy rumors about Napoleon and safety of France, things went on in their usual holiday manner that year and never were there more beautiful or merry faces than those of the young boys and girls as they trimmed the church that evening. Never were boy and girl in more perfect bliss than were Jules and Fleurette as they helped each other tie red ribbons around packages, put tall Christmas candles in the windows, and prepare the huge tree for the visit of Père Noël the next day.

After an hour of paradise, Jules and Fleurette parted, but not for long. The next day there was gay feasting, and laughter and confusion and in the midst of it all, a starry-eyed Fleurette and a happy Jules together announced their engagement. There followed tears of joy, and blessings, and congratulations and laughter. However, the two objects of all the celebration soon went outside in the cold afternoon sunlight. Together they quietly talked over the future. They could not marry at once. They would wait. Jules was too poor to support them both and, in spite of the fact that Fleurette's parents were prosperous for country people, the dowry they were able to give her would not suffice to keep them both for long. However, Jules had good work and, by saving and economizing, in a year they would be able to marry.

So, although the year seemed to stretch out before them as a century, the young people worked bravely and the year passed more quickly than they expected. Hence on the next Noël in the highly decorated village church, there stood a rosy Fleurette in a beautiful French wedding gown her grandmother had worn, and there she was wed to a proud Jules. Such a full day of rejoicing and gladness! Fleurette was in a whirl of happiness. Everything was a bustle of confusion however, and not once were the bride and bridegroom alone until twilight when Fleurette stood ready to accompany her husband to her new home. It was so white and still. They stood out in the snow together. They were so happy!

Suddenly some sort of noise broke the impressive stillness. A sort of parade was coming—lots of soldiers on horse-back. And what were those people shouting?

"Napoleon! The great Napoleon!"

Of course there had been rumors that Napoleon would pass through Bourgeat on his way to Russia to defeat the wily Alexander, but there was no way of their knowing, and this visit from the Emperor was absolutely unexpected. All the villagers gathered around cheering the little great man. With great pomp he descended from his horse. But—he dropped something! A package of papers. Immediately Jules was kneeling before the dignified man with the package. In awe the villagers silently watched a little drama enacted. Napoleon told Jules to rise after regarding him a few moments with keen interest. He seemed to be asking the peasant boy some questions. Jules answered them and then the Emperor said,

"I like your looks. I think I would do well to take you to Russia."

Suddenly all interest was centered on Fleurette. She turned pale and gasped, "Russia!" Then she ran to the distinguished looking man standing in front of tall, handsome Jules and cried,

"Oh no, not him! Don't take him to Russia. Please!"

She pleaded sobbing. But she was pleading to Napoleon the soldier, and tear-filled, deep, black eyes have no effect on the soldier when he saw a capable, strong young man.

And so it was a pale but resolute Jules that left the little village of Bourgeat the next day. He left behind him a quiet, saddened little town, and what was much harder to leave—a weeping, desolate bride. However, there had been whispers, and promises, and little words of cheer.

"Only a year, Fleurette—less than a year. I'll surely be back by October. Certainly no later than November. Wait—Fleurette. Only a year. Next Christmas day. . . ."

So Fleurette waited. She smilingly waited and always spoke about the time "when Jules gets back." So the months passed by and nothing was heard of Napoleon or his army. October, November passed and Fleurette still waited. December came and a lovely somber-eyed Fleurette put tall red candles in the windows on Christmas. Slowly the cold winter passed and the bright sunny spring came; and with it the straggling, half-starved, half frozen remnants of that never-to-be-forgotten suicidal plunge into the barren wilds of Russia. Everyone knows how Alexander, relying upon the powers of the Russian winter, shrewdly led Napoleon's army farther and farther into the depths of his country and how the French military genius, realizing too late his predicament, tried to retract, but in vain. And thus one of the world's greatest tragedies occurred. Among the thousands of men who froze to death in the desolate waste of ice and snow was a young man named Jules who died on Christmas Day.

When the news reached the little French village of Bourgeat, there was much mourning and weeping, for everyone loved Jules. But Fleurette—no, she didn't die dramatically of a broken heart, she did not commit suicide; she seemed perfectly natural to her anxiously watchful parents. And yet she was so changed. Such a quiet, subdued Fleurette. No longer did she dance or sing happily. Her dark beauty was no longer enhanced by sparkling laughter. She spent most of her time alone. Yet she was not melancholy. She didn't seem to mind it. In fact she liked the solitude. Her thoughts were always with her. She lived entirely in the past. Always she was thinking of what had happened and what might have happened.

And so the years passed. Fleurette never married although there were many who would have been overjoyed to have her even if she brought no dowry but herself. Her parents, however, had money and would have been glad to see their daughter married for they were growing old and soon Fleurette would be left alone.

She was left alone. Her good parents died leaving her comfortably provided for. What did she do? After her own pain and unhappiness, Fleurette's one joy was to make other people happy. All the poor and needy of Bourgeat knew her. All the orphans, crippled children, and helpless old people found happiness at her gentle hands. The villagers spoke of her as an angel and saint with mingled pride and sadness. Doing good to others was absolutely all that occupied Fleurette's quiet life. All the great events of world-interest passed by her door un-

noticed. Napoleon's great downfall and terror of the revelations left Bourgeat almost untouched. Nothing happened to change life in the little village.

And so Fleurette grew old. Her black hair turned to white. Her old beauty was gone, and yet she was still beautiful. Now, hers was a quiet, serene loveliness which lit up with old memories every now and then, and especially on Christmas Eve when she went her rounds to the little houses bringing in her big heavy basket happiness and cheer. Thus she was this Christmas Eve.

Now the old lady seemed to come back from the hazy past to the lonely present. For a few moments she stood silently in the frozen stillness of the winter night. It had stopped snowing and now the majestic Queen of night shone coldly down on the sparkling chastity of the white ground. Fleurette caught her breath and picked up her heavy basket. She plodded through the deep snow towards the cozy little house and opened the door. The object of all her dreams met her eye. The family were all assembled in the little living room. They were undoubtedly poor but so happy! There was the Grand-woman—a contemporary of Fleurette's—in a big shawl in front of the crackling fire. Then the happy glowing young people standing under the modest Christmas tree—the *Arbre de Noël*. And on the rug by Grandmother were playing the little children who jumped up joyously when Fleurette entered.

"Joyous Noël," she said cheerily as she put her basket down in front of the breathlessly interested country people.

"Joyous Noël, chère Fleurette," and there followed a busy and happy time of opening the magic basket, with cries of joy from the children as each new wonder came forth from that marvellous container of happiness.

However, Fleurette seemed strange and out-of-place midst all their happiness and as she again stepped out into the coldness with a much lightened burden, the night seemed darker, the stillness lonelier, and everything seemed more unfriendly, as Fleurette, herself seeming older and more feeble, faded into the darkness as the last echoes of laughter died away from the little grey house and she heard a last faint call of—"Joyeux Noël."

Miriam Mirmow '33

Opportunity Knocks

"H E'LL never set the journalistic world on fire"—that was the way old "Fox" Crawford, city editor of the *Times*, sized up this likeable young chap who was the newest member of the *Times'* staff. "But we'll have to keep him," he growled, "he's old P. T.'s newpew."

John Fields, the latest addition to the *Times'* group of reporters was the nephew of P. T. Fields, wealthy owner of the paper. "Jack", as he was known to his intimate society friends, had been expelled from innumerable colleges throughout the country, until at last, his old uncle, in despair, had arranged for him to go to work as a reporter on the *Times*. Young Fields was a handsome chap of twenty-one, who knew nothing at all about reporting but was willing to try anything once.

He was assigned to various events of small importance and proceeded to hand in the worst pieces of journalistic endeavor that "Fox" Crawford had seen in his forty years with the *Times*.

Crawford disliked the youth and did all in his power to make life miserable for him. He would criticize him severely, but "Jack" usually dismissed the harsh words from his mind without a thought. He was too much engaged in social affairs to get interested in his newspaper work.

Some two or three months after young Fields had joined the *Times'* staff, "Fox" Crawford received a tip that a certain oil magnate, Thomas F. Robinson, was planning a merger which would startle the entire country. If the *Times* printed the news ahead of its rival publication, the *Journal*, it would be a big boost for Fields' paper.

Robinson was said to be a very stern old gentleman, and veteran *Times'* scribes confirmed this rumor after they had attempted to interview him. They reported to Crawford that he had threatened to use violence in ushering them from his premises. Crawford's wrath knew no bounds.

"Well, we'll bring that dollar-grabber down from his high horse if I have anything to say about," was his comment.

A short time after, Jack heard a group of fellow reporters commenting on the Robinson case. Slightly interested, he asked Billy O'Neil, a companion, to tell him all about it. When he had heard the whole story he became enthusiastic over the possibility of his gaining the desired interview. His writeups improved and he showed a marked interest in his position.

Several days later P. T. Fields dropped in to inquire of Crawford how his ne'er-do-well nephew was progressing as a journalist. He was surprised indeed to hear old "Fox" praise the boy. Soon the talk drifted to the Robinson interview. Fields felt that it would have to be gained within the next few days in order to give the *Times* any real publicity.

Jack grew so enthusiastic about his work that he gathered up enough courage to ask Crawford if he might make an attempt to get the Robinson interview. The city editor hesitated but then said, "Go ahead. You can't do any harm."

And thus Jack Fields set out in quest of the interview that was to shape his entire journalistic career.

He took a taxi out to the Robinson summer home and was just about to enter the pathway which led to the front door when his attention was drawn to a fair headed boy of about four years who was playing near the gutter. Looking farther up the street, he saw a large truck speeding in a southerly direction. The child, unaware of the impending danger, was directly in the path of the oncoming vehicle.

Jack knew that he must act and act quickly. He rushed down the sidewalk and with a flying tackle pulled the youngster to safety just in the nick of time.

The child was badly shaken up but managed to tell Fields that he lived in "that big house." At the gateway of the Robinson home the young reporter and the small boy, were met by an excited old man, who, as he ran toward them, cried out, "My little Jimmy! Are you all right, my boy?"

After convincing himself that the boy had suffered no injuries, the man turned to Jack, and holding out his hand, said, "How can I ever repay you, my lad? I am Thomas F. Robinson. You have saved the life of my little grandson. Name your reward, whatever you ask is yours."

The straightforward young newsgatherer minced no words.

"I hope you will be willing to grant this favor—an interview for the *Times*?"

"You bet I will," was the oil magnate's reply, "I'd give you a million interviews and I'd still owe you something for the heroic work you did."

Jack came back to the office with enough information about Robinson and all oil deals to fill several good sized books. Crawford greeted him with his usual growl but almost fainted when he learned that the youth had succeeded where countless veterans had failed.

After that, the going was much easier. Jack received numerous promotions, and nobody was surprised to hear that he had been appointed as successor to "Fox" Crawford, when the latter resigned last May. Jack Fields had seized his opportunity when it presented itself.

Roger E. O'Gara '31

The Resurrection of Jerry

WIND and snow dashed vehemently upon the shoppers on the street the day before Christmas. Chilled individuals on the busy thoroughfare rushed by with too great celerity to notice a legless human on a wooden cart, huddled close to a store-window. The unfortunate one held a tattered cap full of pencils in one trembling hand, while in the other he grasped a battered tin cup which was practically empty. His countenance was expressionless, but little scrutiny was necessary to reveal his plight—another one of the thousands of World War veterans, who had come back horribly deformed and penniless.

Several hours passed. The stores had been closed, the crowds had gone home, and only Jerry, the ex-service man, and a burly policeman could be seen on the street.

"Well, Jerry, how are things for Christmas Eve?" asked the officer.

"Huh," he groaned, "Ten cents—Christmas Eve!—Blah! The world is made only for war and for forgettin' its fighters. Thousands like me are aroun' the streets, beggin', starvin', or nutty. How can we smile and yell 'Merry Christmas' to every Tom, Dick, 'n' Harry 'at comes along! Christmas Spirit! Sure, there's spirit with a bellyful of food and two legs!"

Discreetly brushing aside a tear, the copper said soothingly,

"Now, Jerry, come on over to that church across the street. I'll carry you and we'll see whether you'll feel better."

Thus speaking, he lifted the veteran and carried him across the way to a little chapel. Here in the hall, the officer left his friend in a warm spot and returned to walk his beat. Jerry sighed, considerably comforted, and listened to the choir—to the organ—and to the clear voiced clergyman, and then unconsciously he dozed away.

Christmas, which had always been spent with a thoughtful, kind, and loving Mother, Christmas, which had always been a day of much joy to him, found him this year a cynic. He remembered enlisting in the army and then on the following Christmas, he could recollect the jolly group of American and Prussian boys singing gaily *together* and drinking merrily. But the nightmare came when reminiscences of the following week found their way into his dreams. The amputation

of both legs had broken him in spirit and the shock of the news had killed his mother. Now he was a beggar.

In the midst of these dreams, a nudge awakened him, and with bewildered countenance, Jerry peered up into the face of a smiling clergyman. Why! The congregation had left! He had been asleep!

"Merry Christmas," the pastor exclaimed.

And then for the first time the trembling cripple felt the weight of that old receptacle, a battered tin cup, which was filled with bills and coins. Somewhat dazed, he strove to collect his senses, and there appeared on that visage which had so often been a picture of torture, a smile.

"Merry Christmas!" he shouted.

J. E. M.

Christmas Eve With the Mouse Family

"IS dinner ready, Mary? I'm as hungry as a bear," exclaimed Mr. Mouse, as he stepped through the hole which was the front door of Mouse's apartment in the attic of the Smith house.

"Well, it's about time you got home, Percival," said Mrs. Mouse, ignoring his question, "I was beginning to think that Mousetrap had caught you."

"Mousetrap!" cried Mr. Mouse, scornfully, "Pshaw! Why the Smiths ever named that cat Mousetrap is beyond me. I'll bet that he never caught a mouse in his life."

"Well, there's always a first time," retorted Mrs. Mouse, "and we had better be careful when we go down tonight."

"Where are the twins?" inquired Mr. Mouse as he settled down in his favorite arm chair.

"George hasn't come in. Gwendolyn is setting the table. We are having only a bite to eat now, but we'll have plenty later."

"Yes, if the Smiths aren't stingy with the popcorn they put on the tree, and the candy and nuts under it."

"We haven't starved on Christmas Eve yet. There is something to be said in favor of this queer custom of putting a tree in the house and covering it with strange objects. It has furnished us with our Christmas feast for many years. And our ancestors before us. It has always been a custom of the Mouse family to go down to the Smith's tree on this night. I think that it's lovely to keep up these old family customs, don't you, Percival?"

But Percival's head was buried in the evening paper and he did not respond.

All evening the Mouse family waited impatiently until it would be quiet below. At last, a mantle of silence slowly fell over the house and it was time for them to venture forth.

"Do hurry, Gwendolyn," cried Mrs. Mouse, "and where is George?"

"Oh, I don't know, Ma, let's you and I start now. Pa and George can come when they are ready."

"Why Gwendolyn, you know we never go out without your father and brother. What could we, poor, weak, feminine creatures do if Mousetrap, the cat, ever saw us."

"We could run as fast as Pa. Besides I think it would be thrilling to meet a cat."

"Ah, the reckless youth of today," sighed Mrs. Mouse, "I have no desire to have my life ended on Christmas Eve, if you have. And furthermore—"

But Mr. Mouse and George arrived at this point and the conversation was ended as the family started out on their nocturnal expedition. By devious ways they reached the Smith's living room, where the tall tree stood.

"I still think that it is a very queer-looking thing," said Gwendolyn, wishing to resume an argument which had been interrupted exactly a year before.

"But look at the food on it" cried George, "there's popcorn, candy, nuts, fruit, and candles and crepe paper for dessert."

"Don't be greedy, children!" ordered Mr. Mouse, "we must not forget our manners on this, of all occasions."

But he observed that no one was listening to him. Even Mrs. Mouse was busily nibbling one of the popcorn strings. So Percival lost no time in finding himself a luscious, juicy wax candle to chew. Altogether, the Mouse family certainly feasted that night. When they could eat no more, they sat down by the fire.

"You don't know how lucky you are, children, to spend such a pleasant Christmas Eve," Mrs. Mouse remarked.

"It was some swell feed," said George, "By the way, Ma, what do the Smiths do with all those boxes under the tree?"

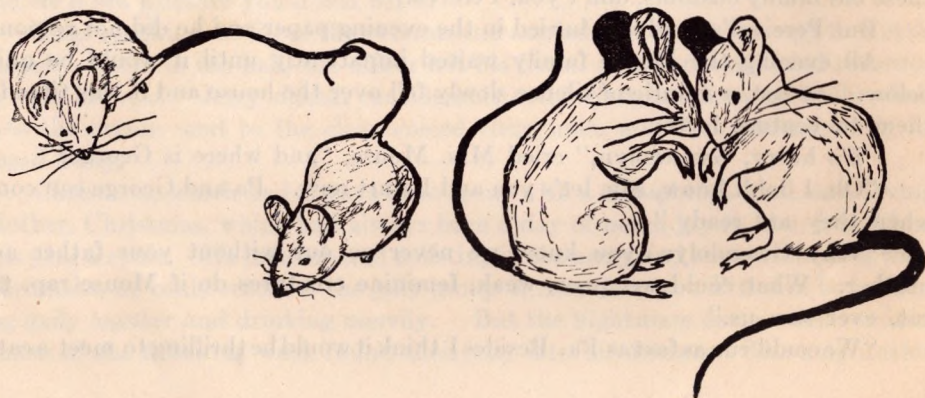
"Those packages are the presents that they give each other. Useless things, so I've heard, for which they spend a great deal of money and which are never appreciated. If they don't spend as much money on what they give as is spent on what they receive, they are treated very coldly. They will open those things tomorrow and, no doubt, will pretend to be pleased with what they receive."

"What a queer custom!" exclaimed Gwendolyn.

"Everyone to his taste," put in Mr. Mouse.

By this time the family had become rather sleepy from so much food and from the heat of the fire. They all drowsed off and were not awakened until the clock struck seven. With the last stroke a sinister, yellow and white figure crept softly into the room. Mrs. Mouse, staring sleepily around, was the first to see it. "Mousetrap!" she screamed, "Children! Percival! hurry!" And before the cat could bound across the room, the Mouse family were safe inside the wall and a little later, were in their cosy attic apartment, talking over the night's adventure.

Barbara F. Roscoe '32



A Merry Christmas

"MOMMY, why won't Santy Caus come here to see baby, Mamie, and me, this year? We been good chillren, ain't we, Mommy?" asked little five year old Agnes as she slowly traced the patch on her old checkered apron. As she received no answer from her mother, she continued to clear the table where three-year old Mamie had been eating, and then hurriedly brushed aside the crumbs of a piece of dried bread, piled up on ten months old Jackie's high chair.

"Lass year when daddy was living, he told Santy to bwing Mamie and me a dolly. Can't you tell him to bwing us something this year, mommy, maybe a dwess for dolly 'cause she ain't got any," Agnes added, slowly bobbing her little head up and down as she talked.

"Dackie never theen Thanty Tauth. Maybe Adneth an' me don't need a dweth fow dolly thith year, the Dackie tan have thomething, huh, mommy?" put in generous little Mamie.

But all this while they did not notice the tears gathered in their mother's eyes for she had her back toward them. How could she face her children when they asked her questions like these?

One question led on to another and still no answer came 'till suddenly Agnes cried out, "Maybe mommy is fooling us, and Tanty will come an' surpwise us." At this, Mamie assented and ran off to tell her little brother of the good news.

The good mother could resist this no longer. She knew the time had arrived when she would have to take the joy out of her loved ones' hearts, but it was breaking her own to do it. Was she to allow her own children to think such mean things about her when they found no gifts on Christmas morn?

As she turned to look at her little ones, a knock was heard on the door and then the rusty hinges began to squeak as the door was being slowly pushed open. In came one of the neighbors, disguised as Santa Claus, and on his back was a large sack filled with toys, food, and clothing, donated by the sympathetic friends. The eyes of the children opened out like saucers as they jumped and clapped their hands with joy. Now do you suppose that ever before there was a mother happier than that one?

Olga Duri '32

Bringing Christmas Home

GLADYS COOPER and her twin sister Alice were having a discussion on the subject of Christmas. Gladys said that as far as she was concerned the family would have to do without presents as she had other ideas for which she planned to use her money. She told her sister she was going out to find the real Christmas spirit.

"You aren't going to leave the family out in the cold on this Day of all Days, are you?" asked her sister.

"I intend to give the poor unfortunate children from my kindergarten some joy this year," answered Gladys.

"Well, if only as a duty I should think you would stay home," continued Alice.

"That's just the trouble," said Gladys, "it has become only a duty in our house. We haven't had turkey in so long I've forgotten what it tastes like.

Of course, there're the presents which——," here she stopped and then after a moment of thought she said. "If we stay together much longer, we'll never get anywhere. I'm going to take this car. You can take the next one. S'long!" she called over her shoulder to her sister who stood staring after her.

Alice stood thinking. Yes, Gladys was right, it had become only a duty with the family, but was it too late to catch this spirit which had been lost in past years?

Swiftly she sped to the grocery, where she cancelled her mother's order and in its place ordered celery, onions, cranberries, sweet potatoes, bacon, and sliced pineapple. She also substituted turkey for the usual chicken. Then she bought the Christmas tree, small and inexpensive, yet it served the purpose very well. Slowly and thoughtfully she selected her gifts for the family.

That night she lay awake a long while. She had been thinking how different this Christmas was to be from other years with Gladys gone.

When she awoke in the morning, she found a note saying Gladys would be home at three o'clock with her kindergarten. Alice was up early so that she might prepare her surprises for the family. Alice's mother, on arising, heard her daughter talking to herself. This made her stop and wonder what was going on.

"What did you say?" asked Mrs. Cooper.

"Oh nothing except that Gladys won't be home today. She's going somewhere else."

Mrs. Cooper was astonished at first, but soon became herself again and said, "Well never mind dear, I guess she'll have a good time."

By this time the rest of the family were up and Alice made them promise to do everything she said.

"First I want you to go into the living room and see what Santa put in your stockings." They exchanged queer glances, but willingly followed Alice into the living room. Everyone was surprised, but found they had received just the very thing they needed most. Uncle John had his favorite tobacco, Aunt Mary, her favorite perfume, Junior, a baseball, Grandmother a new pair of scissors, Father, a new gun and shot-gun shells and Mother, a new sugar and creamer to replace the one Junior had broken the week before.

"Now I want everyone of you to attend church, and that means you, too, Mother. I have a great many things I want to do and I'll look after the dinner."

The dinner proved to be the big hit and Mother Cooper made the New Year resolution on Christmas day that they never would have chicken on Christmas again.

At exactly three o'clock Gladys appeared with eight beaming children. Junior handed her stocking to her and present after present she opened and there was not one thing that she did not need or want from a new tooth brush to a book by her favorite author.

"Alice, and I haven't a thing for you."

"Yes, you have you brought those hungry little darlings here." At this moment the family began to entertain the children, giving them candy, popcorn, fruit and what remained of the turkey. The day proved to be one they never forgot.

"Well," said Mr. Cooper, "the twins gave us a wonderful Christmas. I guess we forgot how to do it."

"Alice gets the credit," said Gladys, "she knew how to bring Christmas home."

"You helped, too," answered Alice. "Christmas is never Christmas without the kiddies."

Dorothy A. Stokes '32

Gifts

WHEN Jack Frost starts to paint his vivid pictures on the window panes, and bites children's finger tips until the red and green mittens are brought forth from their summer hiding place, we begin to realize that Christmas is almost at hand. The store windows are being decorated with shining toys and beautiful gifts. As we gaze spellbound at the displays in the windows, we begin unconsciously to select gifts to give to our friends. Is this act of selecting just a habit or is there a reason? When we stop long enough to think, we remember that God gave his only son because of His love for us. We in turn give our gifts in love.

The Wise Men gave gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh as they worshipped the baby Jesus, so we today give presents, not with the spirit of worship, but as small tokens of love, in remembrance of the divine gift of God to man.

Hulda M. Root '32

The Christmas Spirit

S NOW—a clear, white, sparkling blanket covering the country far and wide. Cold—sharp and clear,—that makes your blood tingle and your breath show white on the frosty air. Pine trees,—their branches loaded to the ground, needing no decoration save the earth's own. Bright lights in every window, and wreaths, holly and poinsettias showing the spirit of festivity. Happy faces wreathed in smiles and illumined by the reflection of the lights and gayly decorated ornaments. Shoppers hurrying to and fro, their faces rosy from the wind and their arms loaded with presents in red and green wrappings. Santa Claus, with his jolly smile, talking to the children and telling them all the nice things they will receive if they have been good boys and girls all year. And finally the night before Christmas . . . all the stockings hung in an uneven row on the fireplace ready to be filled with trinkets and goodies. The snow, Santa Claus, the spirit of festivity and merry making, the giving of gifts and the gladdening of hearts, all these make the spirit of Christmas.

Dorothy E. Schwarz '32

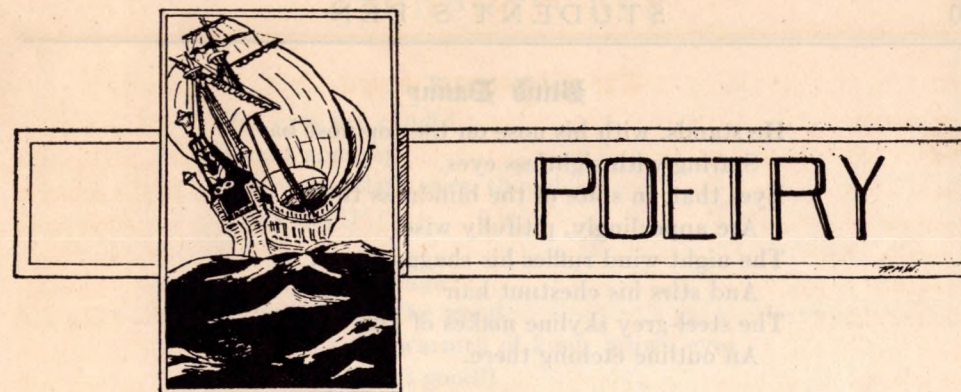
Let Us Give Thanks

Life is hard and earnest
With much to make one sad,
But an all-wise Being
Made much to make one glad.
Flaming trees against the sky,
And the shrill, sweet cry
Of a bird in flight
Over white flecked seas.
Let us give thanks for these.

Life is full of beauty.
Music that sways us and holds;
Dear friendly faces that we love,
And the blue sky high above,
The sweetness and the fragrance of growing things
Were made for us to cherish gratefully.

Let us ever thankful be
And have the eyes to see
The silent beauty of the snow
The Christmas candle's golden glow
With all its rays of kindly cheer,
And the Christ Child hovering near
Through every long dark night.

Catherine V. Wilkinson '31



Sonnet

At last I reach the summit of my hill;—
My hill that had its rocks of heavy pain,
Its grassy places where the winds were still;—
My hill of joy and sorrow, sun and rain.
And as all trav'lers when they reach the top,—
Not knowing yet of steeper hills to climb,—
Proud of their first hard-won attainment, stop,
Looking for Joy, to bide with her a time,—
I stop, and find each moment with her sweet.
But when my happiness has reached its peak
I rise and go. I do not cling nor speak
To Joy. I go to climb another hill;
Thus is the joy I leave kept with me still.

Ruth Hopkins

Have Ye No Gifts?

Oh ragged little urchin with papers on your back, with voice so loud and harsh,
Will ye have wherewithal to buy?
Oh weary, footsore mother,
Will ye have six pence left from food and clothes, to purchase one small gift?
Oh deep and longing eyes,
Will you have aught to give?
Oh other wiseman,
Have ye naught left to offer to the Christ Child?

Grieve not, for ye have else to give.
Ye all have love.
And love in boundless measure is the rarest gift of God.

Olive Hawley '32

Blind Danny

He stands, with his nose on the topmost bar,
 Staring with sightless eyes.
 Eyes that, in spite of the blindness there,
 Are appealingly, pitifully wise.
 The night wind ruffles his shaggy mane,
 And stirs his chestnut hair
 The steel-grey skyline makes of him
 An outline etching there.

He nickers a little, and whinnies low
 As he hears a step on the grass.
 He stretches his shaggy head as tho
 He knows it is I who pass.
 He nuzzles my coat, as I reach the gate,
 In his eager, welcoming way.
 He chides with his nose because I am late,
 As I proffer my offering of hay.

His massive, shapely head he lays,
 Sensitive, trusting, still,
 On the willow-pole where the cross-bars meet,
 —Those bars he once jumped at will,
 The worn, soft coat of rusty brown
 On his temples, smooth and sleek,
 Pulses with every breath he draws
 As we stand there, cheek to cheek.

An unseen flow of gentleness,
 Of understanding sweet,
 Passes between two lonely souls
 When I and my blind horse meet.
 Happy is he who, hurt or maimed,
 Or blinded, like old Dan,
 Can find in his life a love like this—
 A firm, strong faith in man.

Pauline Gooddell '31

A Gift

A gift to us was Jesus Christ
 From the Father in heaven above
 To bring upon this sinful earth
 Forgiveness, peace, and love.

Alfred St. Jacques '33

Dark Eyes

Blue eyes are candid,
 Honest and gay
 (Give me dark eyes, though,—
 Any day!)

Grey eyes are magic,
 Chilly mists in the wood
 (But it's the warmth of kind, brown eyes
 Does my heart good!)

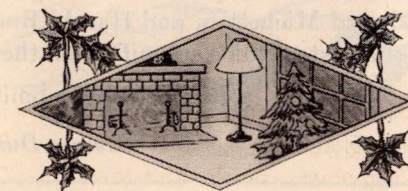
Green eyes are witching
 Bold, dancing liars
 (But dark eyes are glowing
 With steadfast fires.)

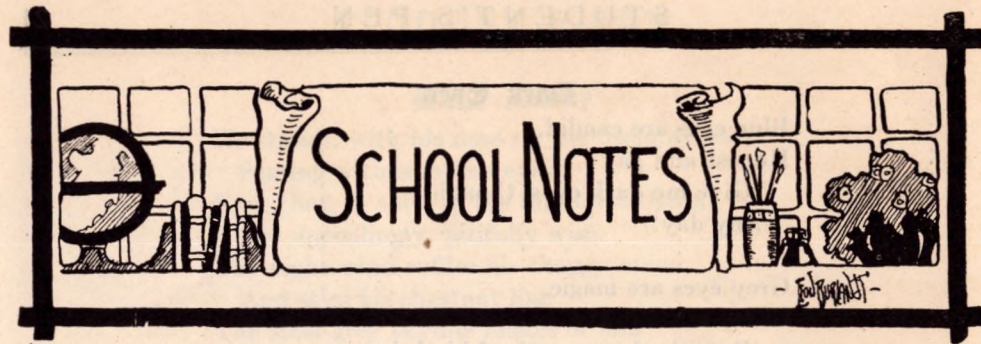
Black eyes are sparkling,
 Snapping and clever
 (But give me dark brown eyes
 Forever and ever.)

R. H.

Christmas!
 Happy, expectant children
 Radiant faces
 I cicles gleaming in the moonlight
 S nappy air
 T ender memories
 Midnight Mass
 Annual Reunions
 Sparkling lights
 Christmas!
 Happiness,
 Love,
 Peace!

Josephine Carnevale '32





Minutes of the Students' Council Meeting

On Friday, November 14, the Students' Council met in the auditorium during the fourth period.

The meeting opened with the discussion on traffic. It was suggested to have the traffic chief informed of the irregularities in the traffic system.

Plans for an assembly for the Thanksgiving game were brought up. It was suggested that something novel be introduced and to have girls participate. The assembly committee was asked to arrange a program and select speakers. It was proposed that more members be appointed to serve on the assembly committee in order that the program be made more effective.

Discussion of the subject of having an assembly for the induction of new members was held. Among the plans suggested was one considering the subject of having music at the assembly. Roger O'Gara was appointed to prepare the program and Richard Eby, to investigate the matter of including music.

It was proposed to have the games announced by having a float and the school band go through the main streets of the city. Joseph Nilan was appointed to see Thomas Curtin about having the athletic games posted in the halls and in other ways given more publicity.

Plans to devise means by which uniforms for the school band could be procured were discussed. At Mr. Strout's suggestion, it was decided to postpone the discussion until the band was an assured established organization.

A motion was made and passed that an amendment be made to the Students' Council Constitution which would result in the representation of more girls in the council. William Andrews was appointed to draw up the amendment.

Suggestions were offered for improvements on the system of solving the mystery of disappearing overcoats, gloves, and other articles. A motion was made and carried that a system be worked out considering this subject. Edward Hickey, David Cullen, Edward Michelson, and Harold Burch were appointed to make a recommendation of a system to be submitted on the following Tuesday.

Respectfully submitted,

Gemma Duri '31, Secretary

Junior A Class Meeting

A meeting of the Junior A class was held Monday, December 1, at 12.30 in the auditorium. Calvin Hannum, the president, presided.

There was a brief discussion concerning the method of disposal of the tickets for the Junior Prom. It was decided to sell tickets only to members of Pittsfield High School and alumnae. Benjamin Jaffe and Steffie Flossic distributed the tickets among the members of the class as previously agreed upon.

Dorothy Stokes '32

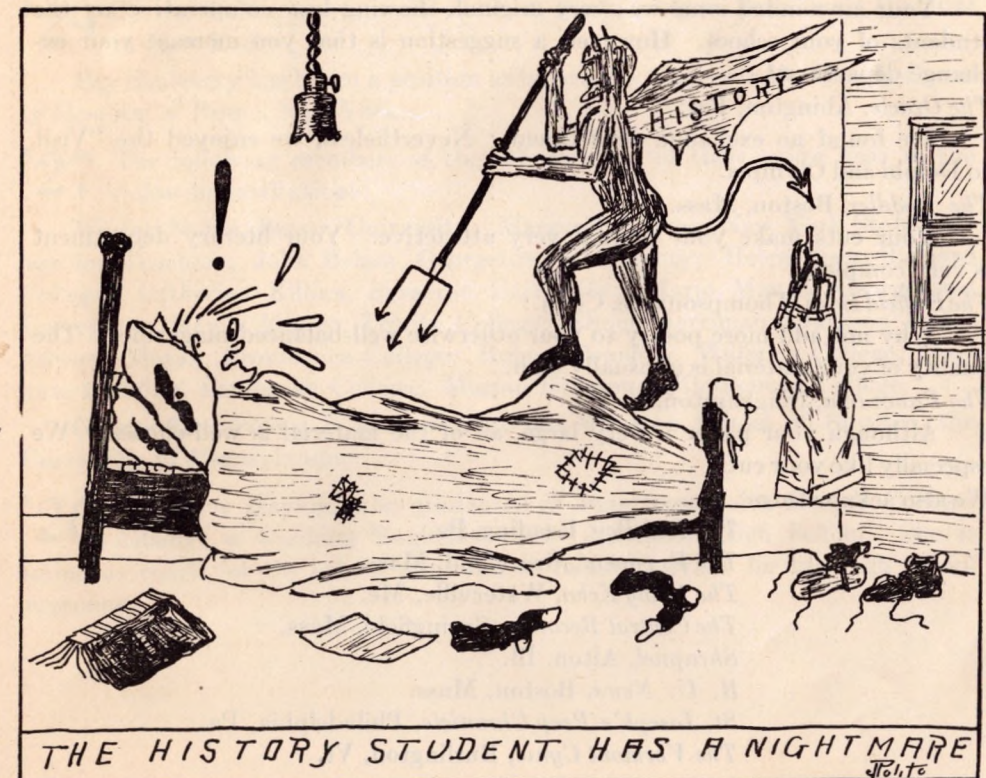
Senior A Class Meeting

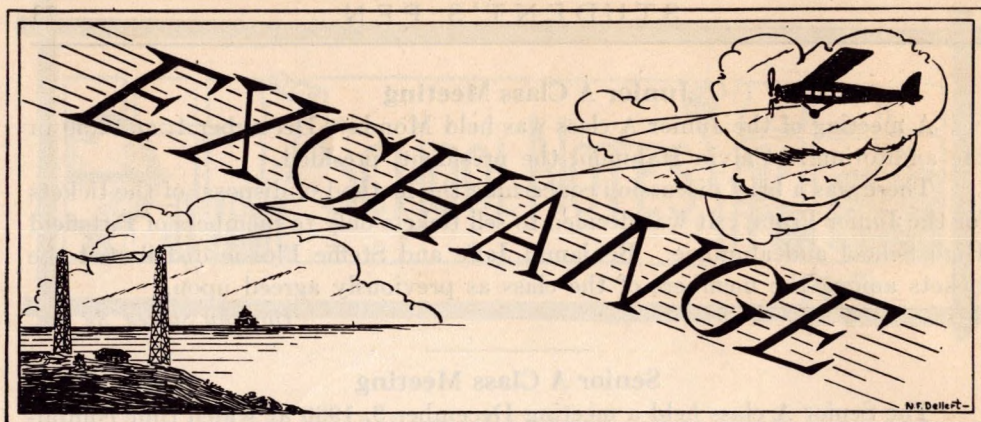
The Senior A class held a meeting December 3, 1930 at which time complimentary tickets to the Junior Prom were distributed. It was voted that caps and gowns would be worn for the graduation exercises.

The Class Day Committee was appointed with Forrest Lessor as Chairman. His assistants are Thomas Joyce, Janet Coons, Edward Flaherty, Ellen Frey, Emmet Hill, Vera Page, David Roseheim, Alexander Vomvillas, and Thomas Curtin.

The Banquet Committee was also appointed with Josephine Enright as chairman. Her assistants are William Codey, Andrew Corrinet, Mary Daniels, Mildred Fiddaman, and Robert Hannum.

The financial aspect of the senior play was discussed. Bertha Levine '31





Our Suggestions

The Northern Light, Cordova, Alaska:

We congratulate you on so excellent a paper, considering the size of your school. We should have liked to be your companion on one of your trips to snow-capped Mt. Eccles. Come again!

The Academy Graduate, Newburgh, N. J.:

The articles on "Choosing a Profession" are very helpful as well as interesting. We enjoyed your literature, while the Scribe aroused our curiosity.

The Classicum, Ogden, Utah:

Your air-minded issue was very original, showing how co-operative are the students of your school. However, a suggestion is that you increase your exchange department.

The Oracle, Abington, Pa.:

We found no exchange department. Nevertheless, we enjoyed the "Visit to Delphi and Olympia."

The Noddler, Boston, Mass.:

Your cuts make your journal very attractive. Your literary department is very complete.

The Enfield Echo, Thompsonville, Conn.:

Why not add more poetry to your otherwise well-balanced magazine? The quality of your material is unusually high.

The Panorama, Binghamton, N. Y.:

Although your paper is very large, all of the material is well-chosen. We especially like your cuts.

We also acknowledge:

The Red Pen, Reading, Pa.

The Exponent, Greenfield, Mass.

The Colby Echo, Waterville, Me.

The Central Recorder, Springfield, Mass.

Shrapnel, Alton, Ill.

B. U. News, Boston, Mass.

St. Joseph's Prep Chronicle, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Vermont Cynic, Burlington, Vt.



'30 Myron Michelman is studying finance at Columbia University. Gladys Brown is enrolled in the freshman class at Columbia Extension School.

Rose Lightman is a student at the Fitchburg Normal School.

William Haylon is a member of the '34 class at Providence College.

Rita Bella Mirmow is enrolled in the Freshman Class at Barnard College.

Verona Shaw is a member of the '34 Class at Skidmore College.

John Mellon is attending Dartmouth College.

Ilassio Minin has entered Bay Path Institute at Springfield. Zeno Allesio is also attending Bay Path.

'29 Teresa Duker, a pro-merito student, is studying at Beth Israel Hospital in New York.

Fay Skaletsky has taken a position as laboratory worker in the Oneida County Hospital of Rome, New York.

'27 The following members of the '27 class are in their senior year in the following institutions:

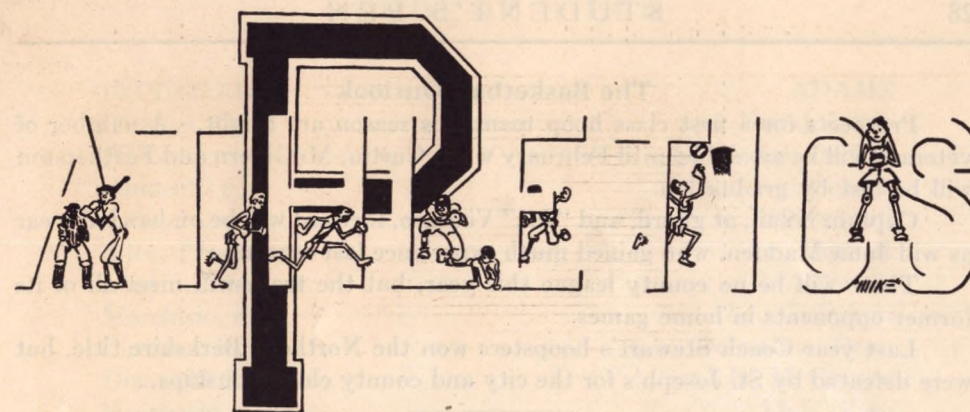
Wesley Noble, Brown University; Margaret Killeen, New York State College for Teachers; John Behan, Georgetown University; Helen Finn, Barnard College; Catherine Killian, Syracuse University; Mario Mango, Georgetown University; Nancy Mango, Trinity College; Elmer Merriman, Clarkson Tech.; Edward Moran, Providence College; Robert Pomeroy, Williams College; Marjorie Redding, Pembroke College; Marian Simmons, Middlebury College.

George B. Loveless is a student at the Wharton School of Finance, the University of Pennsylvania.

'26 Rosemary Haylon, who graduated in June from Saint Roses's College, Albany, is teaching English in the Charlmont High School. She is acting as coach for the school play and as faculty adviser for the high school magazine.



THE BERKSHIRE COUNTY CHAMPIONS



Captain "Tommy" Curtin

Captain "Tommy" Curtin ended his athletic career at P. H. S. Thanksgiving Day after captaining one of the finest teams that ever represented the Purple and White. For three years he has played on the varsity eleven, filling the position of quarterback. For the last two seasons he has been chosen for the All-Berkshire team. Tommy has also played basketball and baseball and was a member of the varsity squads in both these sports.

He plans to attend prep school after graduation in February.

ARCHIE ALLEN, NEW CAPTAIN

Archie Allen of the Junior class was selected for captain of the 1931 grid team at P. H. S. For a nucleus for next year's eleven, Coach Stewart will have Larson, Canfield, Dixon, Larsen, Woitkowski, Spasyk, Ayres, Martin, Marchisio, and Anderson besides Captain Allen. The present sophomore class will furnish much valuable material for next fall's team.

The Basketball Outlook

Prospects for a first class hoop team this season are bright. A number of veterans will be available until February when Curtin, McGivern and Featherston will be lost by graduation.

Captain Nilan, at guard, and "Joe" Vaccaro, forward will be on hand all year as will John Madden, who gained much experience last season.

There will be no county league this year, but the team will meet all of its former opponents in home games.

Last year Coach Stewart's hoopsters won the Northern Berkshire title, but were defeated by St. Joseph's for the city and county championships.

Pittsfield 13—Adams 7

Pittsfield High journeyed to Adams on November 22nd and administered a 13-7 beating to Coach "Art" Fox's clever team. A crowd of 2500 watched the Purple and White gridmen annex the Berkshire title for the second successive season. Coach Stewart's club was forced to play this contest without the services of "Joe" Nilan plunging fullback, but "Johnny" Madden carried on in fine fashion in "Joe's" absence.

Our boys swept Adams off their feet, tallying twice in the first five minutes, but from that time on the home club actually outplayed us.

Adams received the kickoff and after completing a long forward pass from a first down was forced to punt, McGovern booting out of bounds at his own 45-yard line. Dixon failed to gain in a thrust at the line, Captain "Tommy" Curtin proceeded to show the Adams boys why so many people picked him on All-Berkshire team by skirting left end and racing 45 yards for a score. The try for point after by rushing failed.

Curtin again registered a few moments later on a 9-yard run around left end. "Joe" Woitkoski went over for the extra point.

Adams scored in the second period after a march from midfield. Paro made a sensational broken field runback of Curtin's punt, being finally downed at the Pittsfield 44-yard line after a jaunt of 30 yards. Line plunges and short passes brought the ball to our 16-yard line and a 15-yard penalty for piling made it first down for Adams on the P. H. S. one-yard marker. From there "Bunny" McGovern went through center for a touchdown. Delmolinos placement kick was good and at the end of the first half the score read, Pittsfield 13—Adams 7.

Excitement ran high in the second half and while neither team scored, both teams were continually threatening. In the third quarter a bad pass from center got by Curtin and Powers of Adams pounced on the ball on our 6 yard line. Three line plunges netted a mere yard and on last down a lateral pass, Delmolino to Paro, almost resulted in a score. Paro took the ball at the line of scrimmage and was away from the rest of the field but a fine tackle by "Tommy" Curtin brought him to earth on the 3-yard line.

Curtin, Woitkoski, and Madden were our principal ground gainers while Dixon, White, Corrinet and Marchisio were very good on the defense. Paro, Benevenutte, Georginni, and Powers were the North Berkshire stars. The line-ups:

PITTSFIELD	ADAMS
Corrinet, l.e.	r.e., Dunaj, Little
White, l.t.	r.t., George, Daniels
Canfield l.g.	r.g., Sobzek
Tobey, c.	c., Benvenutti
Allen, Fraser, r.g.	l.g., Burnett
Martin, Allen, r.t.	l.t., Powers
Marchisio, r.e.	l.e., Georginni
Curtin, q.b.	q.b., Delmolino, Dean
Dixon, l.h.b.	r.h.b., McGovern
Woitkoski, r.h.b.	l.h.b., Paro
Madden, f.b.	f.b., Sheldon, Prystas

Score: Pittsfield 13—Adams 7.

Touchdowns: Curtin 2, McGovern. Points after touchdown: Woitkoski (rushing), Delmolino (placement kick). Referee: Williamson, Williams College. Umpire: Stephenson, Sheffield. Head linesman: Bergen, Adams. Time: 12-minute periods.

Pittsfield 13—St. Joseph's 0

The Purple and White team closed its most successful season in years on Thanksgiving morning, when it triumphed over St. Joseph's 13 to 0 on a snow covered gridiron. The score does not indicate the difference between the two teams, as under ordinary weather conditions Pittsfield would have won by at least four touchdowns. St. Joseph's was never dangerous and play was almost continually in their territory. "Tommy" Curtin had difficulty in getting started due to the slippery field, but managed to make two touchdowns thereby setting a new Western Massachusetts scoring record. "Tom" has made 92 points this season; the previous record 82, was held by "Don" Herlihy of Cathedral High, Springfield. "Joe" Nilan, star fullback, was still bothered with a weak ankle and played less than half of the game, but made his presence felt. Injuries were numerous and many time outs were called. "Bud" Larson, P.H.S., and "Biff" Boyd of St. Joseph's, rival tackles, were carried from the field with injured ankles.

Coach Stewart's club stole a march on the parochial eleven on the opening kickoff when "Andy" Corrinet fell on Chiodo's kickoff to give P.H.S. the ball on St. Joe's 30-yard line. The St. Joseph's line held for downs, however, and P.H.S. was forced to surrender the ball. Three line plays meant a first down at the St. Joseph 37-yard line, but then the parochial school boys were obliged to punt. Grady's kick travelled less than five yards before going out of bounds. In six plays our team had made a first down on the St. Joseph's 15-yard line. On the next play Captain Curtin dashed fifteen yards around the St. Joseph right end for the game's first score.

Shortly after the beginning of the third quarter "Archie" Allen broke through and blocked Grady's punt and "Joe" Nilan recovered the pigskin at the St. Joseph 43-yard line. Curtin and Nilan then carried the ball to the St. Joseph 3-yard line from where "Tommy" went off left tackle for a touchdown.

Pittsfield had innumerable scoring opportunities in the second half but due to the bad condition of the field was unable to cash in on them. In the fourth quarter "Mutt" Marchisio, hard-working end, intercepted an enemy forward pass and ran to the parochial school's three-yard line but he was penalized 15 yards for crawling.

This game was the last for Captain Curtin, "Joe" Nilan, "Andy" Corrinet, "Jack" White, "Stew" Tobey, "Johnny" Madden, "Jim" Fraser, "Dick" Ryan, "Red" Haskins, and Lucien Dupuis, all of whom graduate either in January or June.

Besides Captain Curtin, "Andy" Corrinet and "Jack" White were the shining lights for Coach Stewart's team. "Andy" wound up his career in a blaze of glory, making tackle after tackle and being on the alert to intercept or knock down St. Joseph passes. "Jack", who has been All-Berkshire for two seasons, was continually breaking through the opposing line to spill the ball carrier for a loss. Mention has already been made of "Tom" Curtin's brilliant work. "Stew" Tobey and "Joe" Nilan must also receive credit for the manner in which they performed although handicapped by injuries. "Red" Haskins, hero of the 1929 St. Joe game, put up a whale of a game at left halfback. "Johnny" Madden played very well after substituting for "Joe" Nilan. "Dick" Ryan was back uniform for the first time since being injured early in October.

Grady, Gasson, Furey, and Gorman were the boys who played the best for Coach St. James' team. The line-ups:

PITTSFIELD

Corrinet, l.e.
White, l.t.
Chiodo, Canfield, Phillipson, l.g.
Tobey, Dupuis, c.
Allen, Fraser, r.g.
Garson, Martin, Allen, r.t.
Marchisio, Ryan, r.e.
Curtin, q.b.
Haskins, l.h.b.
Woitkoski, Dixon, Ayres, r.h.b.
Nilan, Madden, Spasyk, f.b.

ST. JOSEPH'S

r.e., Pleau, Colwell
r.t., Gorman
r.g., Knight
c., Furey
l.g., Nolan
l.t., Boyd, Broyles
l.e., Casella
q.b., Satrappe
r.h.b., Gasson
l.h.b., Grady
f.b., Poirier

Score: Pittsfield 13—St. Joseph's 0.

Touchdowns: Curtin 2. Points after touchdown: Nilan (rushing). Referee: Heyliger de Windt of Great Barrington. Umpire: Eddie Williamson of Williams College. Head linesman: John Carmody of Pittsfield. Time: 10 minute quarters.

All-Berkshire Selections

At this time *The Pen* sporting staff comes forward with its annual All-Berkshire football team. We feel that we are well qualified for such a task, inasmuch as we have seen every team except Williamstown and Lee in action.

Five P. H. S. men are awarded places on the first team while four more are selected on the second team. We would like to say here that men like "Stew"

Tobey and "Albie" Dixon would have been placed on the first team had they played full seasons. However, because they were absent from the line-up in several games we were not able to rate them on a par with other men who played every game although they undoubtedly are as good, if not better, than these men who were placed ahead of them.

The selections follow:

FIRST TEAM

Corrinet, P.H.S.
White, P.H.S.
Burnett, Adams
Benvenuti, Adams
Allen, P.H.S.
Boyd, St. Joseph's
Georginni, Adams
Curtin, P.H.S. (Capt.)
Grady, St. Joseph's
Paro, Adams
Nilan, P.H.S.

End
Tackle
Guard
Center
Guard
Tackle
End
Quarter
Half
Half
Full

SECOND TEAM

Marchisio, P.H.S.
Larson, P.H.S.
Powers, Adams
Tobey, P.H.S.
Dixon, P.H.S.
Flood, Drury (Capt.)
Emory, Drury
Delmolino, Adams
Cellana, Drury
Osterhout, Williamstown
Sheldon, Adams

HONORABLE MENTION

Ends—Renton, Drury; Dunaj, Adams; Di Mario, Lee.

Tackles—J. McCluskey, Drury; Tisdell and Garvey, Dalton; Gorman, St. Joseph's.

Guards—Canfield, P.H.S.; Fraley, Dalton; Sobzek, Adams; Corella, Drury.

Centers—Mastriani, Drury; Madden, Williamstown; Furey, St. Joseph's; Rajousky, Lee.

Quarters—Daley, Drury; Murray, Dalton; Satrappe, St. Joseph's; Connors, Lee.

Halves—Miller, Williamstown; Gasson, St. Joe; McGovern, Adams; Consolatti, Lee; Woitkoski, P.H.S.

Fulls—DeAngelies, Dalton; Dupont, Lee; Madden, P.H.S.

To Be or Not To Be

To be or not is not for me,
For me it is but that I be.
For if I be, I have in me
The power to be, or not to be.
If I be not, I have in me
The power but that I may not be.
And so you see that if I be
I have the greater power in me.

James Donna



The Fairy Story

well children here it is the night before christmas and the time when you are all rewarded for being good boys and girls and edgar gets nothing but a rattle or a piece of coal because he broke a cellar window last week. edgar you have a very vicious nature and it must be curbed. i remember last year that you set a fire in the fireplace to burn santa when he came down the chimney. don't let it happen again this year and don't let me catch you shooting at santa with your bebe gun either. why the very idea.

now children if you will sit on edgar's head i will tell you a nice fairy story about my childhood.

long, long ago when i was the best student in dear old p. h. s. and north st. was a buffalo runway there was a perfect student body. (remember this is a fairy story.) to begin with all of the seniors liked their class rings, and of course nobody ever made any noise in class meetings. (o my yes indeed of course not), and none of the sophomores fell out of a window while looking for the elevator and nobody was ever late (at least on saturdays and sundays) and fifteen pupils had severe breakdowns from overstudy and only five deficiencies were sent out and all of the teachers thought what a soft job this is and none of the p. g. s. wrote fairy stories.

and now children if you stop smoking cigarettes in bed and promise not to throw my watch out of the window again i will tell you another fairy story next month.

uncle jimmie

Uncle Jimmie's Directory of Famous Educators

Mr. Theodore Herberg

Domain—Room 8.

Subject—Mathematics.

Great Accomplishment—Has not yet murdered Eugene Dorfman. (This is a greater accomplishment than would at first appear.)

Second Ditto—Runs the school linotype machine.

Famous Saying—This one is put in merely to fill out the test. (Heh, heh, heh.)

Present Pastime: Takes devilish delight in concocting mastery (mystery) problems.

Dr. Edward J. Russell

Domain—Chemical laboratory.

Subject—College Chemistry.

Great Accomplishment—Keeps amateur chemists supplied with matches.

Second Ditto—Can fry eggs with a bunsen burner.

Famous Saying—You will now give me your strictest attention while I read the bulletin.

Present Pastime—Putting Webster to shame.

Statistical Forecast of Next Junior Prom

Number of girls at prom	103
Like to dance	103
Can dance	42
Think they are good-looking	103
Are good-looking	6
Have dark hair	52
Have light hair	41
Have changeable hair	10
Souvenir collectors (Pins, etc.)	103
Do not believe in kissing	103
Like to be kissed	103
Have a good line	2
Think they have a good line	60
Are incapable of thinking	41
Like their own partners	6
Like somebody else's partner	97

James Donna

The Book Lover's Corner

(For Sophisticated Freshmen)

The Little Red Hen

"The little red hen found some wheat." (Hamlet, Act 4, Scene 3.)

Who has not read through that line, rejoiced in it, wept over it, and sorrowed under it? Who does not remember it? Who could forget it? Or for that matter, who cares?

(N.B. Five points will be allowed the reader for the correct answer to each of the four questions contained in the above paragraph. The first person obtaining a grand total of twenty-five points will receive one million dollars, (\$.02), from Uncle Jimmie.)

As the studious freshman first casts a bleary eye over the first simple sentence of this rural rhapsody, little does he realize its full significance. Little does he realize the trials and tribulations which are to follow,—the heartbreak, the pathos, the laughter, the tears, the joy, and the sorrow. No. He doesn't realize it. It isn't there to be realized. And if it was there to be realized, he probably wouldn't realize it anyhow.



In this narrative we have a vivid portrayal of the slashing, ripping, roaring, driving action which characterizes the everyday life of the barnyard. (This may not be the exact truth but it sounds pretty good.)

P. A. Chess, well known critique and man-about-town, is particularly well-qualified to speak on the subject, having spent three years in an insane asylum. When interviewed by a Column reporter, Mr. Chess advanced the following comment. "Do you know, I sometimes doubt the veracity of the story. I remember that when I was at the asylum I once had a little red hen named Sylvia, who could read and write. Sylvia always ate any grain she happened to find whereas the hen of the story saved hers."

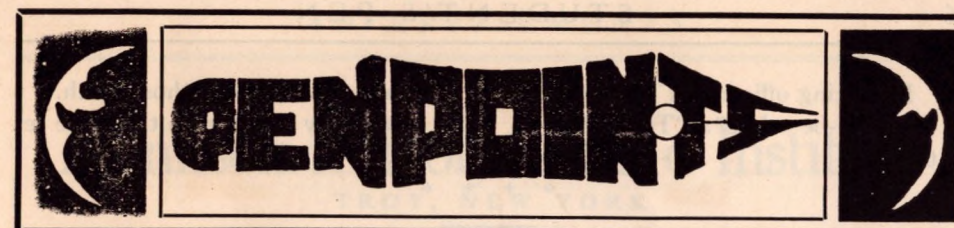
Upon being questioned by the reporter, Mr. Chess admitted that the part about his having a little red hen named Sylvia, who could read and write might be a slight exaggeration, as the hen's name might have been Ophelia.

J. P. Morgan, well known Wall St. broker, says this in a recent interview, "The experience of the little red hen clearly illustrates the modern theory that three or four vice presidents are not necessary for the success of a syndicate."

There is a sound moral lesson contained in the story of the little red hen if one can only find it. I spent all afternoon looking for it with a microscope and when I finally found it I hit it over the head with a hammer. Anyone caring to see it may do so by meeting me at the little office at the end of the sixth floor corridor on July 32 at 13 o'clock.

James Donna

"And what career do you suggest for Lawrence," asked the fond mother.
"I suggest," replied Mr. Strout, "a job as caddy on a miniature golf course."



"She was only a printer's daughter but he liked her type."

* * * *

Miss Kaliher: "What did Thomas Jefferson stand for?"

O'Gara: "I suppose it was on account of the lack of chairs."

* * * *

Salesman: "Yes sir, that's the smartest hat we have."

Mr. Herrick: "It doesn't have to be smart. I'll put brains in it, myself."

* * * *

Girl friend: "You've broken my heart."

Curtin: "You've broken my training."

* * * *

A chap was scratching his nose the other day. We asked him what he was doing and he responded, "Oh just having a little fun on my own hook."

* * * *

She: "Why do you call these things dressing gowns? You can't dress in them."

He: "Well, you don't take a bath in a bath robe do you?"

* * * *

Purnell: "I put my arm around a girl six times last night."

Ryan: "Gosh, what a long arm you have!"

* * * *

Unknown: "Every time you call to see me it rains."

Calderwood: "That makes me your little rain-beau."

* * * *

G. Hoyt: "Which piano do you recomend?"

Salesman: "The Belvadere."

G. Hoyt: "How much is the Belva?"

* * * *

Curtin: "What do you mean by washing your hands with my new tooth-paste?"

Nilan: "Well, it says 'Forhan's' doesn't it?"

* * * *

Billy: "'Mother, may I go to the zoo to see the monkeys?"

Mother: "Why, Billy what an idea! Imagine wanting to see the monkeys when your uncle is here!"

* * * *

Once upon a time there was a man who bought a Louis XIV bed but it was too small so he sent it back and asked for a Louis XVI.

Recruting officer: "I'm sorry son, but we can't pass you on those teeth."

Would-be soldier: "That's funny. You passed my brother on the same set of teeth."

* * * *

Langdon: "So you met her at choir practice."

Blanchard: "Yeh, it was a chants acquaintance."

* * * *

Miss Baker: "Where is the capital of the United States?"

Soph: "In Liberty Bonds!"

* * * *

Bass: "What will I do if they ask me to sing?"

Boxer: "Why sing of course! It'll be their own fault."

* * * *

He: "Do you know that Columbus was crooked?"

D. Schwartz: "Aw, he wasn't either!"

He: "Certainly. He double-crossed the ocean!"

* * * *

Joyce claims his girl's name is Marcelle. (She's not permanent).

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Antoinette Meunier '33

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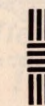
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